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FIFTH YEAR.

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EARLINGTON, HOPKINS COUNTY, KENTUCKY, THURSDAY, MARCH 29, 1894.

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MAGISTRATES: *
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W. H. HOFFMAN,



THREE YEARS MORE:

Three years more of grief and Grover. Would to goodness they were over! For this land is very weary of its weight of want and wee.

And we're sure but few would care if This stuffed prophet of low tariff Were to pack his collar box to-day and get right up and go.

Every hope in which men trusted-All the rainbow-tinted measures which he swore would prove the best Have been toyed with to our sorrow,

They would swipe that free-trade fad of his and knock it galley west Factories are closed and quiet Soup is now the proper diet. Scores of worthy men are paupers asking

alms upon street; Men who in the last election Thought that Grover was perfection, Marched and howled and carried his banner till they'd blisters on their feet

Yes, they've learned the lesson dearly For they now see very clearly That the policy he's following will wreck and disarrange Three years more of grief and Grover

Then once more we'll be in clover For in 1896, you bet! we'll have another change. -Nixon Waterman, in Chicago Journal.





rememberit well." It was man who spoke. He was talking to him-"This is what she said: 'I could not forget you if I would; I love you too well. But listen: I call Heaven to witness that, come what may, I will be true to you forever. Ab. Douglas!

how can you doubt me?" He repeated these words twice in the tone of one who knew them by heart | How can you doubt me?" and yet feared be might forget them, and once more he whispered the last sentence: "I will be true to you forever, Douglas. Ah, how can you doubt

and I had no great opinion of myself. Why should 1? And Frank Fenwick so handsome; was rich as well, and always coming to the house, and the captain favored him. I could see that.

Covering his eyes with his hands Douglas Deane could fancy himself once more in the parlor of Capt Darling's quaint little cottage down beside the shore.

He saw the deep bay window, in which a small telescope had been set so that with it one could sweep the beach and the boats and the billows beyond, with whatever craft might be upon the water; the wainscoted wall great Persian prayer-carpet the captain "full-cheeked, bright-eyed, well-groomed had brought from the orient. The young man to this wild creature! panels were decorated with nautical views of all sorts. Ships in calms and storms; the launch of the Kitty Creamer; the wreck of the Stormy Petrel; yachts at rest upon the water, the moon behind them and colored lights hung out; ships in full sail on mid-ocean. The little bookcases had polished brass handles to their doors. The great green parrot with red wings, and the great vellow parrot with evil eyes, swung in two golden cages in the window, flanked by tropical plants growing in Chinese jars. A wood fire ourned in the brass grate, and the light from a tail brass lamp fell through a shade of rose-pink silk, puckered and plaited into the likeness of a great

lower-cup. The hour had come when he must leave his little sweetheart. His arm was about her waist, her cheek upon his bosom. In that softened light her face seemed to him to wear an almost superhuman beauty. She was always lovely and fresh and exquisite, but now she looked like an angel. Suddenly he felt that he was altog ther unworthy of her, and he remembered how hand-some and winning Frank Fenwick was, and all his advantages, and how often he would be with Dora while her sailor was far away "And, oh! will you



really be true to me?" he cried out; and then she had taken that vow. He was always saying it over and over again, as devoit Catholics repeat their pray-ers: 'I will be true to you forever, Douglas. How can you doubt me?" And once more, speaking as though in epology to some listener, he said aloud:

past on which he was gazing with the eyes of his soul. He looked up and saw before him only the billows of the ocean, over which lay the blue dome. Office on Main street, opposite North of the sky, and a staff from which fluttered a streamer of searlet flannel-a signal of distress that the wind had striven many a night to rend to tatters. | as he wasked like a drunken man. How long it seemed since he, with two sailors, had been flung ashore like "Oh! fool that I was to believe that woman could be constant!" he moaned. so much seaweed, and in the dawn had "But she called Heaven to witnessthat-that-" He paused; it had becrouched miserably on the shore, watching the ocean as it swallowed the fragments of the wrecked steamer, and

boats that vanished from their sight in the stormy midnight! he stormy midnight! perished on that lonely island in the A box and a cask or so were washed sea? Why had he lived to endure this sahore. The island was not quite bar- misery? "But at least I can end it all," ren. But I could not tell you how they lived unless I had the space to write a new "Robinson Crusoe." One of the sallors had died within

ignorant of the fate of the crowded

two weeks, and the other Douglas who am not wanted by anyone on Deane had lately buried in the sea. He was alone now, no human eye to meet his own, no human voice to answer his.

Do you ask what kept the flame of life and hope alive within him? I will tell you. Dora Darling's last words: "I will be true to you forever, Douglas. How can you doubt me?" Looking at him, anyone would have said it would be over soon. He was a

mere skeleton-a thing as terrible to look upon as any specter. The fatal drowsiness, against which he constantly fought, was stealing over

him again even now, and he longed to lapse back into bis. dreams. But with a struggle he shook it off, stood up, looked to the east and saw only the sun. a ball of tire low upon the horizon; looked to the west and north and saw only sky meeting water; turned to the south and noted a thin black cloud. Was it a cloud? His heart began to

beat as though it would rend his body in twain as he began to understand that it was no cloud at all, but the drift of black smoke from the tall pipes of a steamer that even us he gazed came up from that under world were ships hide themselves in midocean.

He grew blind, giddy. The joy al-most killed him as he understood that they saw him-that a boat had been sent out, that friendly hands grasped his, and that kind voices attered words of comfort. A terror came upon him lest all this should be but the vision of a dream, and he only quite believed it true when actually on board the Nancy

His face washed, dressed in a suit of clothes, a world too wide to be sure, but still wholesoms, decout garments, he sat a guest at the captain's table, drinking coffee-oh, wonderful, deliclous beverage-enting like a Christian with knife and ford, spluning his yarn to sympathizing cars-he to whose laments only the moaning ocean had replied for so many days! In the midst of the tale of how the ship went down he suddenly paused, his eyes fixed on something that be alone could see, out that she saw your spirit standing "And sho," he said aboud, "she said: "I will be true to you forever. Douglas. flushed seariet. I ve got a habit of talking to myself. I'm afraid," he faltered list every sallor-man who heard him understood that he was thinking of his sweetheart. And he "Why, I did not doubt her!" he went | caw it is the reges and was ashamed on, as though he answered some one wo long r. He had a shock, though, it no more. The picture of domestic hapwho had spoken. "But Dora is so
the morning when walking in his berth, piness was rather unexpected—that is
beautiful. Every man must love her, with white linen against his cheek in—all. I was not ready with congratulatry house, and was retailed at length stead of the ranghness of a rock, and limbs at case that had wont to be night" cramped and of itled and aching. He lifted him. It on his clow and saw a cried Frank. "Oh! I begin to understrange, will creature staring at him. It was like a sheleton, and the skin upon its bones was dar; as that of an

old segro. From the deep hollows of the eye-sockets glaned red-rimmed eyes, and wild masses of bair fell over his shoulders and mingled with a beard that reached to his waist. Was the strange being some a adman? Did it mean him harm? Then, with a groan, you abaurd idiot!" he sank back upon his pillow. He was

For a little while he despaired; but there were seissors and razors to be had. The ship's barber took him in hand, and three meals a day did wonders. He got back his own looks wonderfully during the voyage. But how long those few weeks seemed

that yet kept him from his Dora Darling! And still, as he leaned over the side of the ship, sending his heart homeward, he whispered to himself: "Pil be true to you forever, Douglas. How can you doubt me?"

At last the voyage was over, his thanks and adieus to his preservers uttered. He had even reached the seaside village and the gate of the garden that surrounded Capt. Darling's house. It was evening. There was no moon, but the sky was studded with stars, and through the windows of the cot-tage fell the lamplight. His heart was beating again as it had when he first caught sight of the smoke-drift upon the horizon, and instead of ringing the bell he stepped softly across the porch and looked through a parlor window. There was the little room totally unchanged, the glowing fire in the bright grate, the lamp in its pink shade, all the inanimate objects unaltered But Dora-where was she? A horrible fear came into his mind. She must have believed him dead, and loving him as she did, grief might have killed her.

chair in which the captain took his naps after dinner, and which stood depths arose a man. Not the captain -a younger and more agile person altogether; fresh and blooming, too, in the pink light, with his blonde hair as smooth as satin. Frank Fenwick and

no other! He had been reading a newspaper.

As poor as a crew was he, and alone
ad stretched his arms in a comforthie vays. He was plainly quite atand stretched his arms in a comfortable yawn. He was plainly quite at his ease in that house.

A flood of jealous wrath swept over Douglas Denne's heart, and he clinched his hands tightly. "She called Heaven babe. She smiled upon Frank Fenwick, not in the least as one does who greets a guest, and seemed to speak to him familiarly sa she placed the infant in his arms settling the embroidered shawl about its shoulders and shaking out its long white robe. He could not hear what they said, but Frank bent his head and kissed the little creature. It was a pretty family group, with

he gried out in his madness alone there in the starlight on the sandy road where no one could see or listen to him. "I will return to the ocean-I earth. It will be only one unknown drowned man the more. And Dora will By that you can see that, wretched

Why, he asked himsels had he not

three long years.

as he was, he still loved his love too well to wish that she should suffer Full of his purpose, he walked on to-ward the beach. He knew just where the long, smooth slope would lead him down and out into the water, on until he was out of his depth. He would fill his pockets with stones that he might sink more surely. He did not dread the brief struggle. As for the sin of it, God would surely pardon one too miserable to live for dring, he thought

But one more look at the roof that sheltered her-at the lighted window through which he had seen what had murdered his long-endured hope-and



ING AT HIM.

he would say good by to earth. He turned, and was aware that some one was striding toward him-a longlimbed man-who moved swiftly and was beside him the next moment cry-"Great heaven! is it you, then, Douglas Deane! I never expected to see you again in this world! Just now Dora pointed to the window and orled there, but as I don't believe in ghosts, and don't like strange faces at the panes, I followed you. Give me your hand, old have in that house!"

"Ah! she was sorry, then, at first?" said Douglas. "Well, I could expect tions. I am sorry she saw me-good-

"The picture of domestic happiness!" stand. You have taken it into your head that I have cut you out-that Dora is my wife? Have you forgotten that Capt. Darling had another daughter, still at boarding school when you went away? Sarah is her name. married her two years ago, and that is our baby. As for poor broken-hearted little Dora, she lives but to bewail you,

But Douglas did not care what hard only looking at himself in a mirror let names anyone called him now, as al-into the cabin wall. Three years of most mad with joy be turned and and the polished floor spread with the such life as he had led bad changed a rushed toward the cottage, and there, before them all, he took his little darling in his arms again and showered kisses on her pale cheeks and tear-wet eyes, and whispered amidst his tears: You said you would be true to me forever. How could I doubt you, darling? oh, how could I doubt you?"

Unique Medicine for Melancholla. To a person afflicted with a certain street physician. I asked him if he ever took an interest in the sporting intelligence presented in the daily papers. He replied in the negative and him from early youth. I then told him he was suffering from the effects of dwelling too long on the grave con-customer her package, which she says cerns and problems of life, and that if she received with some diminution of he wished to prolong his years he must | confidence in the wisdom of her purtake hold of lighter things, and that I chase. - Youth's Companion. knew of no mental diversion so effectual as to take a positive interest in the sporting events of the day-an ina little persistent reading of this entertaining branch of news. He followed my advice, his morose and suspicious temper was gradually subdued and he became as cheerful and companionable a man as I ever knew .-- Philadelphia

-Bossie was just finishing her break-As he stood, unable to move, not dar- fast as papa stooped to kiss her before ing to ring the bell lest some ill news going down town. The little one should greet him, a great leathern arm- gravely took up her napkin and wiped chair in which the captain took his her chees. "What, Bessie," said her naps after dinner, and which stood father, "wiping away papa's kiss?" with its back to the window, "Oh, no!" said she, looking up with a moved a little, and from its aweet smile. "I's wubbing it in."

The prince came wasing a maiden fate, But a maiden of low degree. Yet ahe was the child of a millikmaire, And poor as a grow was he:

Visitor-What are you going to name the new baby?
Fond Pater-We have not decided. This is the ninth edition, you know. Little Girl-Don't you think you had better call him "chestnuts?"-Hallo.

What Puzzted Bim. Dick Hicks-What had the labor unions to do with the civil war? Hicks-Nothing. Why?
Dick Hicks-My book says it was brought on by the non-union men in the south.—N. Y. World.

A PALM READER'S MISTAKE. She Got Hold of the Wrong Subject and

Was Downed. new chiromatic light was visiting in Brooklyn the other day, and appeared with her friend at a small social words on which he had existed for gathering. A Brooklyn girl of wit, intelligence and oulture, and one who is well known for her devotion to church work, was introduced to the new palmist. It wasn't long before the palmist was reading the hand of the Brooklyn girl in the midst of an excited group of

"Your line of life," began the chiromancer with pompous solemnity. "has never been broken by serious illness." 'How about that affair when you were a baby?" whispered one of the girls. The palmist overheard, but gave

no sign. "Your heart line is stronger than your head line," she pursued. "You don't care much for study. You have a horror of being a blue stocking and society. That is your real field. for religion-well, you sometimes think of it, that is all. You don't really care anything for it."

Brooklyn girl more closely.

"It is a terrible accident, and came ing away at Greek and Hebrew just for the fun of it." The palmist started

"Church work!" said the Brooklyn girl,

The palmist dropped the hand of the Brooklyn girl in dismay. "Society," said the latter. "I couldn't dance the cotillion if it would give me a halo of immorality. I would rather learn Sanskrit than the waitz. And as for the accident in childhood, the near-

Needless to say, that particular prophet of palmistry is quite without honor in Brooklyn now. But the

science still flourishes -N. Y. Sun.

The Moral of the Tale. In a little southern town, where the least happening was of vital importance and lengthy conversation, a worthless citizen entered a store during the proprietor's absence and abstracted his entire cash capital, done up in two canvas shot pouches. The robbery was soon detected, and the robber found. boy. I'm glad to see you. But this is He made a full confession, delivered up rather a strange thing for you to do to the money, something over a hundred people who have mourned you as they dollars, and was drugged to the county jail, several m

The incident, however, furnished conversation for the entire community. to the family in the presence of a small Ethiop, who acted as sub-butler and chore-boy. After the capture and imprisonment of the offender had been related, the mistress, wishing to point the moral to the miniature darkey, re-

"Weil, that is what comes of stealing. Isn't it terrible Jennings?" 'Deed mam, Miss Page," answered name of Jennings-"'deed it am ter'ble.

Mrs. Gabb (hostess) - Your little son Like Ice-Cream A visitor to the World's fair was very

ired and hungry-too hungry to wait for her luncheon, and too tired to search far for any thing to eat; so she went up to a man who was selling pears and asked him if they were good. 'Yes'm," he responded, "they be fustrate. They're so good I can't hardly

myself. How many will you hev?" She replied that she would like half phase of melancholia I once gave an a dozen, and as he was putting them in unusual piece of advice, said an Arch a bag another tired looking woman "Can you tell me where I can get

At that moment he handed his first

We were busy with the holidays, high chair at the table and read the cook book.

and upside down, of course, looking very serious, she enumerated augar and | tailor? raisins and all the good things in reach of her eyes, calling upon her imagination for unlimited quantities of the "And de book says you is to leave

The importance of this pleased ber.

and, with the book close to her face

everso much of de batter in de pan for de little daughter, if she happens to be in de kitchen."-N. Y. Advertiser. McCommute-Say, Suburb, you ought

to try to control yourself. As I passed

your house on the way to the train, I

"Yes. You see it is impossible to keep servants here, because they get omesick for the city. So my wife and pretend to have a regular war every orning, and the girl feels as comfort able after that as if she lived in a New York tenement house. We've had the same girl six weeks now." -N. Y.

Not His Property. Hostetter McGinnis strolled into a fashionable Harlem church just before the service began. The sexton fol-lowed him up and, tapping him on the shoulder and pointing to a small cur that had followed him into the sacred

edifice, said:
"Dogs are not admitted." That's not my dog," responded Hos-

"But he follows you."

animal with unnecessary force .-- Alex Sweet, in Texas Siftings.

NO. 14

"There's only one reason, old man why I protest against the proposed "Only one reason, ch!"

Miss Willing (meaningly)-Do you know they are talking of putting a tax

Mr. Bonder (more meaningly)-They would raise more revenue if they'd tax all the old married men who wish

She was a bright, light-hearted little woman, and when her husband failed in business and they had to give up their pretty house and go to boarding. she tried to make the best of it. For hours after receiving the sad news she

all," she laughed.

ly. "Why?" asked he, grimly.
"Because," announced the little
woman, confident that she had chanced upon a shred of the silver lining to the dark cloud-"because we won't have any servants to bother about."-

Another Sister. "And you cannot be anything more "Nothing more."

"Then I will propose to somebody "All right. I have no objection to your having another sister."-Dem-

Grounds for Suspleion. Maude - How long after Nettic married him dld she begin to suspect that he was not a real nobleman? Jennie-It was when she noticed that although two weeks had elapsed he was still treating her with kindness

and civility.-Chicago Record. EASTERN JEALOUSY.



"Wa'll, now, if that don't beat all, I've jist been readin' about them Colorado rain makers, and now I see

Horrible Rumor. Little Frances came home from the kindergarten and appounced that she had refused to take hold of Freddy, Brown's hand when the circle was

mamma the black youth laboring under the dignant little lady, "I heard a rumor

The Boy Was Posted.

does not seem to have much appetite. Mrs. Gadd-No: he's quite delicate. Mrs. Gabb-Can't you think of anything you'd like, my little man? Little Man No'm. You see, mam made me cat a hull lot before we started so I wouldn't make a pig of

" Companisation Mrs. Smith-Mrs. Brown has had such an experience! Arrested for shoplifting! All a mistake, of course.

pearance."-Puck. A Kind Husbande She-This aluminum must be a won-

derful thing. He-What is it? "Why it's the lightest material that can be used. Why don't you try some in your

ber when you made your debut dear, years and year, ago. Miss Caustique (more sweetly - Lar? thoughtful you are! Now I couldn't begin to remember when you mads

yours.-Chicago Record. Just's refencine Investigation.

Belle-Why have you given my littl5 brother a package of those nasty,

cheap, strong eigarettes? Suitor-Because he hangs around the parlor all the time I am calling on you, and he just makes me sick!-Hallo.

Jinks-Well, I don't; but you needn's tell him so .- N. Y. Weekly. "You are going to try your hand at skating, are you?" said Rev Dr. Third-

ly when he met Freddy Fangle going toward the pond. "No. sir: going to try my feet at it," applied the boy.—Harper's Bazar. Witminstion.

And something good is done, When two fools married are— For then they are made one

"An HI Wind," Lie. "There may be some good, aft, rull even in a dog-catcher," mused young Mr. Sparkleigh, we'he watched the kidnaping of old Ruffpop's favorite buil terrier.-N. Y. World.

The sexton growled and removed the to the great Queen Anne your Mr. Selfmaid-Oh, inde sisters?-Truth.

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COURIER-JOURNAL

Why, I did not doubt her! But, you see, I was going to leave her for six months. Six months great heaven! As near as I can reckon I've been away three years!" The horror of the present swept over him, blotting out the picture of the

HER CHEEK UPON HIS BOSOM.

to witness that she would be true to me!" he muttered. "How can I doubt her?" But all the same he stood aside and watched the room. Frank Fenwick was waiting for Dora, he felt sure, and he intended to see how they met. The next moment the door opened and Dora glided in—Dora, paler and thinner than of yore, but lovely still. In her arms she carried a tiny

with a groan Douglas Deane stag-gered away from the window and out into the sandy road again. He reeled tailor's bill now." "Life.

Retrospective. "I married Horace to reform him." sighed the young wife, "and the only habit I've broken him of is parting his hair in the middle. He doesn't part it at all now!"-Chicago Tribune A Frank Lover.

Then she scrutinized the hand of the "There is something peculiar at the base of your life line," she remarked.

very near being fatal. As for your disposition, you are very good tempered."
"I should say I am:" exclaimed the Brooklyn girl. - "If I were not, I would resent some of the things you have been telling me. As for study, why, that's what I care for most. I'm delv-

Why, I'm known among my friends by orest's Magazine. the nickname of the Christian work-

uncle found out that they were feeding me on soothing syrup and put a stop

try house, and was retailed at length

Dat po' man didn' have no chance 'tall' ter spend dat money."-Harper's Mag-

keep from eatin' 'em the whole tim

came along. some ice-cream?" she asked.
"No'm," briskly replied the fruit added that sports of any kind were dis- | man, "I don't know of any place near tasteful to him, and some even ab. here where you can get any, but I've horrent to the principles instilled into got some mighty nice pears here that taste considerable like fee-cream."

> making cakes and goodies. Lillie was in the kitchen, in everybody's way. At last she was persuaded to sit up in her

same, and then added:'

heard you and your wife fighting like cats and dogs. Mr. Suburb Oh, that's all right. We don't mean anything. Just a little trick of ours. "Trick?"

Weekly.

"Well, so do you, and you are notimy property."

Reeping His Credit.

"Yes. You see, my kicking makes people think I have an income."— Brooklyn Life. A Largor Class.

on old bachelors?

they were single.-Life.

sought some compensation for poverty, read few books. But you delight in and all of a sudden gave a chuckle of As delight. "Oh, it isn't so bad being poor, after

Her husband looked at her inquiring-

Harper's Bazar. than a sister to me?"



they've got a clearing house in New

"Why was that, Frances?" asked "Because, mamma." replied the inthat Freddy Brown squeezes little girls

myself.-Tid-Bits.

Mrs. Jones-I suppose she must have been very much annoyed? Mrs. Smith-Not at all. The papers all said she was "of preposessing ap-

bread?"-Yonkers Statesman. Love Pata Miss Philo (sweetly)-Itona remem-

Karlehou-Papa, is the lieutenant a Father-No, my boy. Whatever made you think so? Karlehen-I saw him yesterday measuring Fanny's waist .- Mulhauser Tag-

Winks-I notice that your barber always talks to you in French. I did not know that you understood that lan-

The world is Letter far,

A Query. Miss Oldone-Oh. yes I am related